

Scena 3. Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Peribon: and some Attendants, T. Tuske: Curtin.

Emil. Ile no step further.

Per. Will you loose this fight?

Emil. I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly
Then this decision ev'ry; blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A Bell, then blade: I will stay here,
It is enough my hearing shall be punished,
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye
With dread fights, it may shun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord
Your Sister will no further.

Thes. Oh she must.
She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,
Which sometime show well pencild. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife
Both seald with eye, and care; you must be present,
You are the victours meede, the price, and garland
To crowne the Questions title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'd winke

Thes. You must be there;
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you
The onely star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which shoves
The one the other: darkenes which ever was
The dam of horror, who do's stand accurst
Of many mortall Millions, may even now
By casting her blacke mantle over both
That neither could finde other, get her selfe
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off wherto she's guilty.

Hip. You must goe.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Thes. Why the knights must kinde
Their valour at your eye; know of this
You are the Treasure, and must needes
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir pardon me,
The tytle of a kingdome may be tride
Out of it selfe.

Thes. Well, well then, at your please
Those that remaine with you, could w
To any of their Enemies.

Hip. Farewell Sister,
I am like to know your husband fore
By some small start of time, he whom
Doe of the two know best, I pray then
Be made your Lot.

Exeunt Theseus, Hipolita.
Emil. *Arcite* is gently visagd; yet
Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe weap
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly cour
Are bedfellowes in his visage: *Palamon*
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow
Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what it f
Yet sometime tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long tim
Will dwell upon his object. Mellencho
Becomes him nobly; So do's *Arcite's* n
But *Palamon's* sadnes is a kinde of mirt
So mingled, as if mirth did make him f
And sadnes, merry; those darker humo
Sticke misbecomingly on others, on the
Live in faire dwelling.

Cornets, Trompets sound.
Harke how yon spurs to spirit doe incite
The Princes to their prooffe, *Arcite* may
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite* to
The spoyling of his figure. O what pit
Enough for such a chance; if I were by
I might doe hurt, for they would glance

Thes.

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